

No. 71

Featuring the BOY COMMANDOS

A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION
DC IND

The BATMAN

Detective

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

COMICS

JAN.
10¢

BATMAN
and
ROBIN
versus
JOKER

in
"A CRIME
A DAY!"



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reviewed by JOSETTE FRANK, staff advisor

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GOVERNMENT HUNTER

By M. M. Atwater



This is a story about the forest service. Doug Mulholland, vacationing out west on a dude ranch, walks to the corral to get a horse. He is about to jump over the fence when a cowboy stops him. The cowboy tells him it is too dangerous and gets a horse for him. The cowboy tells Doug his name is Slim Cavanaugh.

While riding past the mess hall, Doug hears the cowboys call Slim a Government Hunter. Doug is puzzled. Later, on a camping expedition with Slim, he finds out that a Government Hunter is a person who protects cattle from hostile animals. Doug becomes Slim's assistant. They have many exciting experiences.

While camping, Doug tells Slim the real reason why he is out west. His family is being threatened by gangsters and many accidents occur. At the end the gangsters try to capture Doug but are outwitted.

This review of *Government Hunter* was written by Marvin Goldstein, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and was selected as the winner of the \$5.00 award. A check has been sent to Marvin. Other fine reviews were written by:

Robert Rawson, West Orange, N. J.
Betty Ruth Nathan, Attica, Indiana
Duane Pollack, Ferndale, Michigan
Harold Baughman, Ada, Ohio
William White, Cleveland, Ohio
Jane Baker, Princeville, Oregon
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Sorrell B. Katz, Chicago, Ill.
Miriam Sandberg, New York City
Jackie Caudell, Greenville, S. C.
Joyce Zak, Bryan, Texas

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Krypton No. 9)

WXF RB CQN CRVN OXA NENAH KXH CX LXVN CX
CQN JRM XO QRB LXDWCAB KH KDHRWP BCJVYB
JWM KXWMB!

BATMAN

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

WITH ROBIN

BOY WONDER

WHOSE

SCARLET LIPS GRIN
ETERNALLY IN A FACE AS
WHITE AS DEATH? ONLY
ONE MANS... THAT CRIME CLOWN.

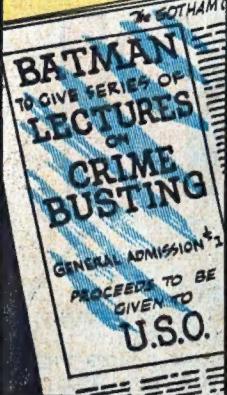
THE JOKER!

BUT NOW THE JOKER FINDS THE
SITUATION IS REVERSED! FOR IT
IS THE WORLD THAT NOW LAUGHS.
AT THE JOKER! AND WHEN THE
GRIM JESTER FINDS THE BATMAN
RESPONSIBLE, FIREWORKS START!
HE CANNOT KEEP THE BATMAN
AWAY WITH A "CRIME
A DAY!"



BOB
KANE

Proudly, in large type, the Sunday Gotham Gazette announces...



BILLBOARD POSTERS BLAZON THE SENSATIONAL NEWS...



MONDAY NIGHT! A GREAT CROWD GATHERS AND GOES WILD AS THE BATMOBILE DISCHARGES BATMAN AND ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER!

THERE THEY ARE! HURRAY! HOW ABOUT AN AUTOGRAPH!

THE WAGES OF FAME IS DIN!

THE THUNDEROUS OVATION DIES DOWN AS THE THRILLED AUDIENCE PREPARES TO LISTEN TO THE BATMAN'S ADDRESS!

MY OPENING LECTURE TONIGHT CONCERN'S CLUES... THESE SEEMINGLY SMALL DETAILS THAT SOLVE BIG CRIMES...

LATER.. AFTER HIS LECTURE, BATMAN INVITES QUESTIONS...

HOW ABOUT THE JOKER? HE LEAVES CLUES TO TRIP HIM UP! WHY?

THE JOKER IS TRICKY, CUNNING.. A SUPREME EGOTIST ADVERTISING HIS CRIMES LIKE A FOOL.. LEAVES CLUES. CLUES THAT DEFEAT HIM!

AND SO I ALWAYS WIN, WHILE HE LOSES.. ALL BECAUSE OF HIS CONCEIT!

NEXT DAY.. THE WHOLE TOWN HAS A LAUGH.. ON THE JOKER!

BATMAN CALLS JOKER CONCEITED FOOL! WOW! THE BATMAN CERTAINLY DOESN'T PULL ANY PUNCHES!

HAW! HAW! DID YOU SEE THE CARTOON?



ONE MAN DOES NOT SHARE IN THE FUN! ..THAT...
MASTER OF VILLAINY, THE JOKER!

ME, THE JOKER, THE MOST DANGEROUS
CRIMINAL IN THE COUNTRY... ...AND
I'M MADE A LAUGHING
STOCK! BAH!

I KNOW
A WAY
TO SHUT
THE
BATMAN'S
MOUTH
FOR GOOD!

NO!..SHOOTING
HIM WOULD
ONLY MAKE HIM
MORE OF A
HERO, A MARTYR!
NO, I MUST BEAT
THE BATMAN AT
HIS OWN GAME!

I'M GOING TO MAKE
BATMAN THE FOOL...
I'M GOING TO SHAME
HIM... SHAME HIM
INTO QUITTING! HA!
HA! HA!

THAT NIGHT...TUESDAY...AS BATMAN BEGINS
. ANOTHER LECTURE...

FELLOW
CITIZENS!
AGAIN I COME
BEFORE YOU
TO.....

GOLLY, I WISH I
HAD THE BATMAN'S
GIFT OF GAB!
SAY...WHAT IS THAT
NOISE?

THE SWISHING
NOISE IS A
BACKDROP LOW-
ERED TO REVEAL
A WHITE CANVAS
ON WHICH
MOCKING
LETTERS
PROCLAIM...

JOKER'S DAILY CRIME
WEDNESDAY
CLUES

1. TAKE A BOW
2. SOW THE SEEDS
3. SHED A TEAR
4. REAP THE HARVEST

STUNNED, INCREDULOUS
SILENCE! SOMEWHERE,
MAD LAUGHTER LIFTS
TO A MACABRE CRESC-
ENDO! THEN, FROM
A CUBICLE, A SPOT-
LIGHT STABS

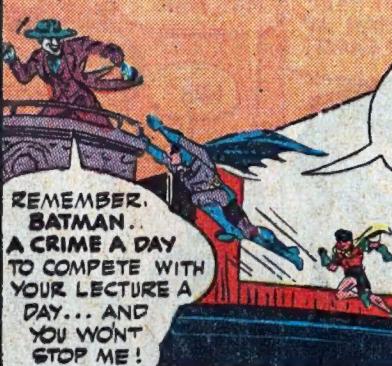
YES, HERE TO
CHALLENGE THE
BATMAN! SO I'M
A FOOL, EH... AND
I ALWAYS LOSE
BECAUSE I LEAVE
CLUES, EH?

THE
JOKER

JOKER'S DAILY CRIME
WEDNESDAY
CLUES
1. TAKE A BOW
2. SOW THE SEEDS
3. SHED A TEAR
4. REAP THE HARVEST

VERY WELL!
HERE ARE CLUES...
CLUES ENOUGH
FOR ANY BRIGHT
MAN TO FIGURE OUT! GET
TO BAT, BATMAN... AND
YOU'LL BE BATTY BEFORE
I'M THROUGH WITH YOU! HA!

THE PARALYSIS OF SURPRISE LEAVES THE BATMAN! HIS LITHE BODY LAUNCHES INTO ACTION...



REMEMBER, BATMAN...
A CRIME A DAY
TO COMPETE WITH
YOUR LECTURE A
DAY... AND
YOU WON'T
STOP ME!

BUT AN EMPTY CORRIDOR
MOCKS THE DUO!

GONE!
THAT WILY FOX
MUST HAVE
DARTED
INTO ONE OF
THOSE ROOMS!

FOX?
DON'T YOU
MEAN
THE
ANIMAL
WITH A
WHITE
STRİPE
AND
A
DISTASTEFUL
AROMA?



THEN... A SPINE-CHILLING SHRIEK!



A LOCKED DOOR DEFIES THE BATMAN'S RATTLING OF THE KNOB!



A DOOR-CRASHING LUNGE OF THE BATMAN'S POWERFUL FRAME AND SURPRISE!!



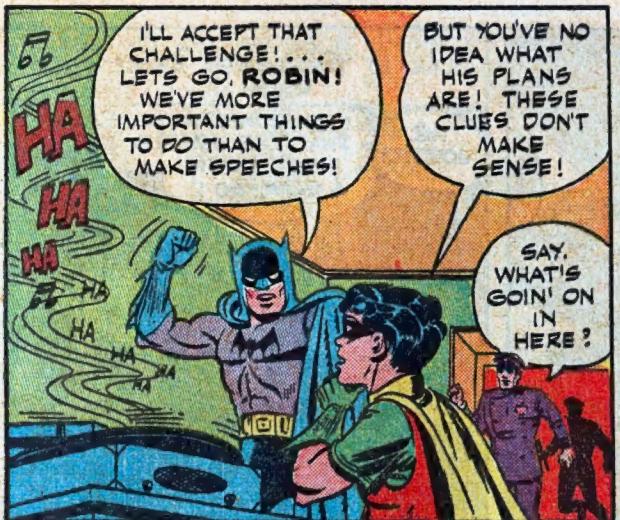
WHY IT'S
A RECORD!

AND A RECORD FOR A SMART MOVE: THE JOKER HAD A CHANCE TO ESCAPE WHILE OUR ATTENTION WAS DIVERTED HERE!



AND AS IF IN
MOCKING
REPLY...

HELLO, BATMAN!
YOU MUST HAVE
BROKEN THE
DOOR BY NOW
SO LISTEN TO
MORROW I WILL
COMMIT THE FIRST
OF MY CRIMES! A
CLUE AND A
CHALLENGE!



**BATMAN EXPLAINS
TO POLICE . . . AND
POLICE UNWITTINGLY
TO REPORTERS . . . AND
NEXT DAY,
WEDNESDAY . . .**

**MEANWHILE, THE
BATMAN IS STILL
FRANTICALLY
JUGGLING THE
JOKER'S CRYPTIC
CLUES! . . .**

JOKER ELUDES BATMAN BY USING PHONOGRAPH

MAYBE THE JOKER IS AN EGOTISTICAL FOOL BUT HE HAD A LAUGH AT THE BATMAN'S EXPENSE LAST NIGHT WHEN HE MADE HIS DEBUT



MEANTIME.. SINISTER PLANS UNFOLD
ELSEWHERE! AT THE SWANK RAPPEL
ART GALLERIES.....



LIKE A FOR-
AGING SHARK,
A SLINKY BLACK
SEDAN GLIDES
UP TO THE CURB
AND DISGORGES
FOUR MEN...



HEAVENS!
THEY'D GIVE MY
FATHER NIGHT-
MARES! HE'S A
BARBER!

THEY'RE
JUST ARTISTS!
HARMLESS
SAPS!

YES, BUDDY.... ARTISTS
.. IN CRIME .. AND NOT
SO HARMLESS !



AND ALL THIS TIME, THE BATMAN IS
STILL NO CLOSER TO THE SOLUTION OF
THOSE CRYPTIC CLUES!



A WORLD-FAMOUS
MASTERPIECE.
BOYS... AND THE
INSURANCE COM-
PANY WILL PAY
FIFTY GRAND TO
GET IT BACK!

THIS
CHIN
WARMER
WAS
GIVIN' ME
THE ITCH!
NOW IT'S IN
MY PALM!

I'D LIKE TO
DROWN THE
JOKER IN THE LAKE,
BUT IT WOULD SPOIL
THE PICTURE IN THE
MOONLIGHT!



AND IN THE MAIN EXHIBITION ROOM, WHILE ALL EYES ARE ON THE FAMOUS PAINTING...

ALL RIGHT, MEN, LET'S GO! YOU HAVE YOUR INSTRUCTIONS!

DONNING GOGGLES, THE OMINOUS QUARTET DISPERSES ABOUT THE ROOM...

PLEASE INFORM THE BATMAN THAT THE JOKER FIRST TOOK A BOW—SO!

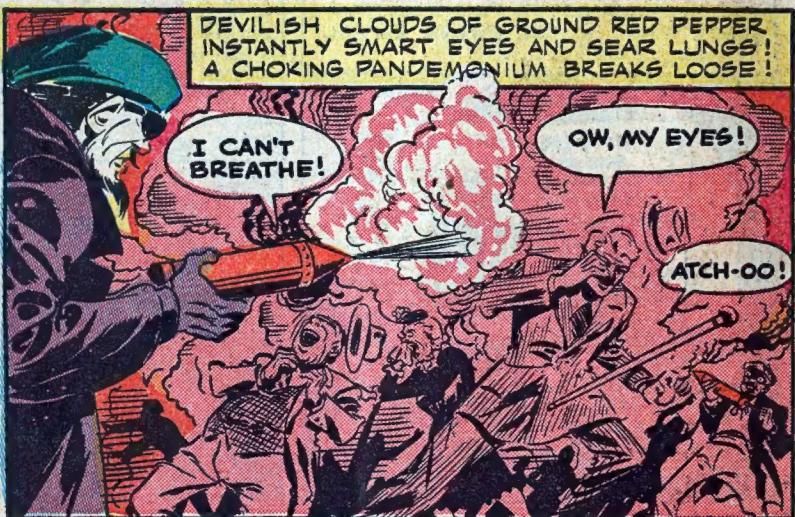
RELAX, FOLKS. WE'RE JUST THE EXTERMINATORS HAW!



NOW MY MEN WILL SOW THE SEEDS! TOO BAD YOU HAVEN'T THE GOGGLES AND CHEMICALLY TREATED BEARDS WE WEAR! SOW THE SEEDS, BOYS!

GROUND SEEDS OF RED PEPPER! IT OUGHT TO SPICE UP THE PARTY!

DEVILISH CLOUDS OF GROUND RED PEPPER INSTANTLY SMART EYES AND SEAR LUNGS! A CHOKING PANDEMONIUM BREAKS LOOSE!



AND AS THE JOKER'S VOICE SHRILLY LIFTS ITSELF ABOVE THE CRIES AND SCREAMS!

SHED A TEAR, FOLKS.. WHILE I REAP THE HARVEST! WON'T THIS BE A LAUGH ON BATMAN!

BUT AT THAT INSTANT, TWO GRIM AVENGERS CHARGE INTO THE ROOM...

THE BATMAN! THAT MEANS SCRAM, MEN!

IT MEANS MORE THAN THAT!

I CRAVE A SPARRING PARTNER!



LIKE SCURRYING RATS, THE QUARTET FLEES... BUT RELENTLESS PURSUIT IS BEHIND THEM...

REMEMBER, ROBIN... THE JOKER'S MY MEAT!

AW! YOU HAVE ALL THE FUN!



THREE TIGERISH LEAPS...AND THE BATMAN CATCHES HIS QUARRY!



... AND SENDS HIM REELING BACK TO UPSET BUSY ROBIN!



SNATCHING HIS UNEXPECTED ADVANTAGE, THE JOKER HURLS THE LAD AT CHARGING BATMAN!



REGAINING THEIR FEET, THE DUO PURSUES THE JOKER AND HIS CRONIES WHO HAVE NOW DISCARDED THEIR 'ARTIST DISGUISE'.



AS THE BATMOBILE ROARS FORWARD..



OIL FLOWS.. AND IN THE WAKE OF THE TRUCK, THE SPEEDING BATMOBILE SKIDS AND SLIDES CRAZILY!

WOW!
THIS IS LIKE RIDING ON GLASS! HOLD ONTO YOUR HAT, KID!



THE RELENTLESS BATMOBILE CLOSES UP THE GAP... AND IS HOSED WITH A TORRENT OF BLACK OIL!

TAKE IT, CHUMP !



TRAPPED IN A FLAMING COFFIN !

THIS THING'S AN OVEN!
WE'LL BE HAMBURGERS IF WE DON'T GET OUT!

LIKE A FIERY METEOR, THE BLAZING BATMOBILE FLASHES.. TOWARD WHAT??



WE DAREN'T OPEN UP THE DOORS AND RUN FOR IT! WE'RE TRAPPED!... WE'VE GOT A CHANCE... A LONG CHANCE!

GET SET, ROBIN! HERE WE GO!

WHAT IS THE BATMAN'S PLAN?
CAN YOU GUESS??

A JUGGERNAUT OF ROARING
BLAZE, THE BATMOBILE
HURLES FORWARD... INTO
A FIRE HYDRANT!

A NIAGARA OF WATER BURSTS FROM THE
BROKEN HYDRANT... TO SPILL OVER THE
FLAMING BATMOBILE!

CRASH!

LONG MINUTES LATER... THE WATER
TAKES EFFECT AND SOON ONLY
CHARRED, HISSING WRECKAGE IS
LEFT OF THE ONCE IMPREGNABLE
BATMOBILE!

AND AS THE
DISAPPOINTED
DUO PLOD
HOMEWARD,
A NEWSPAPER
REPORTER
NOTES...

YOUR STUNT
CERTAINLY
WORKED,
BATMAN!
I... OW!

WATCH OUT!
THE METAL'S
STILL HOT!
CMON, KID,
LET'S GO
HOME!

HMM! GUESS
THE PUBLIC
WILL HAVE
TO HEAR.
HOW THE JOKER PUT ONE
OVER ON THE BATMAN! TOO
BAD!

LATER THAT NIGHT, THE
EDITOR OF THE GOTHAM
GAZETTE GETS A CALL.

THE
JOKER!

YES! ASK THE
BATMAN, WHO
IS THE
FOOL NOW?
AND FORWARD
THESE CLUES TO
HIM FOR THURS-
DAY'S CRIME!

THURSDAY... AND WHILE THE BAT-
MAN PUZZLES VAINLY OVER CRYPTIC
CLUES, THE JOKER AGAIN PULLS A
SUCCESSFUL CRIME COUP!

HAI!
HAI!

THE JOKER'S
GOT ME RUNNING AROUND
IN CIRCLES!

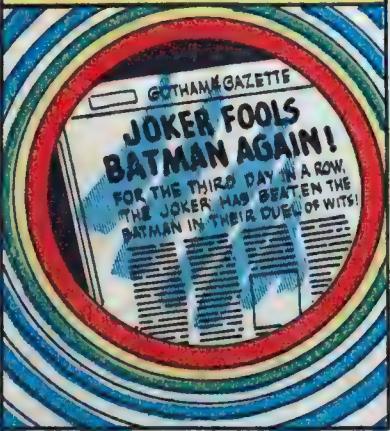
AND AGAIN THE EDITOR
HEARS THAT MOCKING,
JEERING VOICE...

...AND YOU MAY QUOTE
ME AS SAYING THE
BATMAN IS SLIPPING-
BUT DEFINITELY!

THERE! I GUESS I'VE
DONE ENOUGH DAM-
AGE NOW! CALL ME
A FOOL, WILL HE?
HAH!

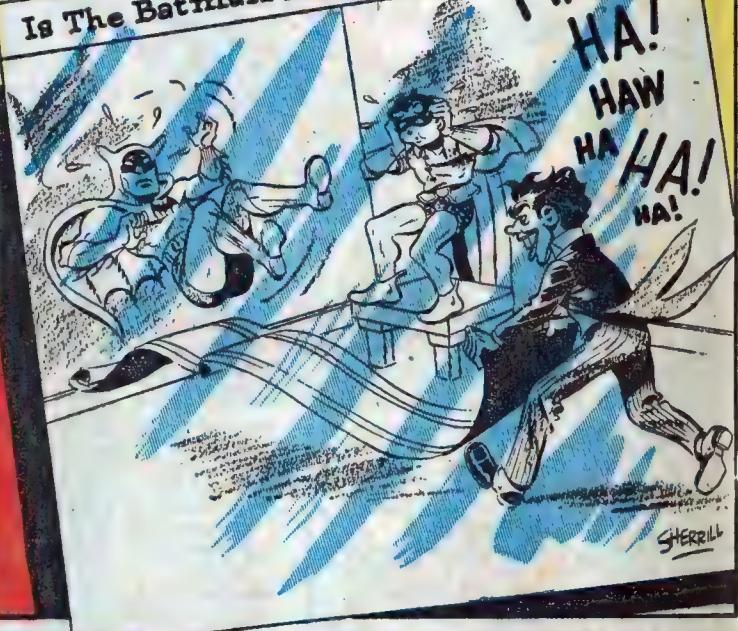
I WOULDN'T
WANT TO
CROSS YOU,
JOKER!

FRIDAY MORNING, GOTHAM CITY IS ROCKED BY NEW HEADLINES...



AND THIS TIME IT IS THE BATMAN WHO IS THE SUBJECT OF A LAMPOONING CARTOON!

Is The Batman Slipping?



THAT JOKER SURE IS MAKING BATMAN LOOK SICK!

DO YOU SUPPOSE THE BATMAN REALLY IS SLIPPING?

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE DAY THAT HAPPENED!

HATE TO THINK IT... BUT IT DOES LOOK LIKE IT!



MAYBE... MAYBE THEY'RE RIGHT!
MAYBE I AM SLIPPING!
MAYBE I OUGHT TO QUIT, ROBIN!
MAYBE...

MAYBE NOTHING!
GOLLY, YOU NEVER YELLED QUITTY BEFORE!



AND THAT EVENING, AS THE BATMAN DELIVERS HIS DAILY LECTURE, THE POISON OF DOUBT BEGINS TO EAT AT THE THOUGHTS OF THE AUDIENCE!



YOU'RE TAKING THIS TOO SERIOUSLY!
C'MON, DON'T LET IT GET THE BEST OF YOU!



YOU'RE RIGHT!
I'M NOT QUITTING!
I'LL GET HIM!

THE DOUBT SPREADS LIKE A MALIGNANT GROWTH... AND EVEN PLANT ROOTS IN THE HEART OF THE BATMAN!

IT'S TRUE, ROBIN! OH, YEAH?
THE JOKER'S BEATING ME AT EVERY TURN!
IF I SEE ANYBODY GRINNING, I'LL KNOCK HIS TEETH LOOSE!



I GUESS EVEN A BATMAN FINDS IT TOUGH SLEDDING ONCE IN A WHILE! THANKS, ROBIN, FOR PUTTING ME STRAIGHT!

AW, GEE... A FELLA'S NO GOOD IF HE CAN'T STICK BY HIS OWN PAL!



LATER THAT NIGHT... A PLANE SWOOPS OVER THE CITY... DROPS A FLURRY OF CARDS !

LOOK! IT'S FROM THE JOKER! GOT WRITING ON IT!

JOKER'S DAILY CRIME
FRIDAY
CLUES:

1. KILL THE MOTOR.
2. HANG THE JURY.
3. TAKE THE RAP.



A CARD FINDS ITS WAY INTO THE HANDS OF BATMAN AND ROBIN !

KILL THE MOTOR - HANG THE JURY - TAKE THE RAP ?? SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHING TO DO WITH A COURT OR A TRIAL !

GOLLY, YOU DON'T SUPPOSE THE JOKER IS REALLY GOING TO HANG A JURY OF TWELVE MEN? AND THAT RAP..

JUST THEN A VOICE FLOATS TOWARD THE CAR... AND THE DUO HEARS WORDS THAT SOUND OMNIOUSLY FAMILIAR...

DEAR,
WILL YOU
TAKE THE
WRAP?

TAKE
THE RAP!

BUT WHAT THEY SEE ...

IT'S TOO HOT
TO WEAR MY
FUR WRAP
TONIGHT!

THAT'S A
WRAP... NOT A
RAP ! NATURALLY IT
SOUNDED LIKE RAP
BECAUSE THE W
IS SILENT!
WERE ON THE
WRONG TRACK
AGAIN !

WAIT, ROBIN..
I RECALL READING
SOMETHING IN
THE NEWSPAPER
TODAY !

HERE IT IS!
"JUDGES TO PICK SMARTEST
DRESSED WOMAN IN
CONTEST TONIGHT.
MRS. SMYTHE TO WEAR
FAMOUS \$15,000 FUR
WRAP."

A FUR WRAP! THAT'S
IT! THE JOKER TRIED
TO OUTFOX US!
LET'S GET GOING!

TWO HOURS LATER, HIGH UP IN
THE FASHION BUILDING, THE
FINALE OF THE CONTEST...

AND TO YOU,
MRS SMYTHE, WE
HAND THIS
WINNING
CUP!

OH!
THANK YOU
SO MUCH!

LATER THE JUDGES FILE
INTO THE ELEVATOR....

GOING
DOWN
!

AT THAT MOMENT... DOWN BELOW
IN THE BUILDING BASEMENT...

JUST LIKE THE JOKER
PLANNED! FIRST WE
KILL THE MOTOR BY
SHORT CIRCUITING
IT!

AND IN A HIDDEN
CORNER, UPSTAIRS,
THE JOKER
LAUGHS...

HA! HA! BY NOW
THE JURY OF THE
CONTEST SHOULD
BE HANGING!
HA! HA!

IN TRUTH, THE JURY DOES HANG...
BETWEEN FLOORS! AND IN THE
CAR AN AMAZING TRANSFORMATION
TAKES PLACE!

OKAY, ROBIN... PEEL
OFF THAT ELEVATOR
BOY DISGUISE! THE
GOOD THING
WE ARRANGED
ALL THIS
BOY STOPPED AS EXPECTED!
HAND! NOW
HANDBEFORE
FOR THE JOKER!

THE ELEVATOR TOP
SLIDES BACK... AND
LIKE TWO MONKEYS
ON A STRING, THE
CRIME-CRACKERS
CLAMBER UP THE
CABLE!

EASY,
ROBIN...
AND NO
SLIPS!

ARE YOU
KIDDIN'?

AND AT THAT MOMENT THE JOKER'S
CRIME PARADE MARCHES ON!

EEEEEE!
THE
JOKER!

IN PERSON, MADAME...
AND SINCE I REMOVE
MY HAT... SURELY YOU
CAN REMOVE YOUR
WRAP!

HAW! HAW!
AIN'T THE
JOKER
A CARD?

YOU'RE TAKING THE RAP
ALL RIGHT, JOKER...

BUT THE WAY YOU
SPELLED IT THE
FIRST TIME WITH-
OUT THE W!

YEAH...
HE'S THE WHOLE
MARKED DECK!

YOU!

FISTS LIKE TRIP HAMMERS POUND
AT THE JOKER'S UNDERLINGS !

HOW DO YOU
FEEL NOW,
BATMAN ?

SWELL...
CONFIDENTIALLY,
I DON'T THINK
I'LL EVER
QUIT THIS
GAME !

THEN, AS THE BATMAN REACHES FOR
THE JOKER... AN ATTACHED PULLEY
CARRIES THE LAUGHING CLOWN OUT
OF REACH !

GOOD-BYE,
BATMAN... AS YOU
SEE I'M ALWAYS
PREPARED FOR ANY
EMERGENCY !

SAY...
THAT'S THE
PENGUIN'S GAG!
HE PULLED THAT
ONCE AND GOT
AWAY...

A HISSING SOUND...
AND A LASSO WHIPS UP
ABOUT THE JOKER'S
MIDDLE !

...BUT
YOU WON'T
!

BETTER
NOT LET GO
IN ORDER TO KILL
ME, JOKER...
'CAUSE YOU'LL ONLY
BE CUTTING OFF
YOUR NOSE
TO SPITE
YOUR FACE !

AND AS THEY REACH
THE OTHER ROOF;
A JAW-CRACKING
SMASH WRITES
"FINIS" TO THE
JOKER'S ESCAPE !

AND SO, THAT
NIGHT BATMAN
DELIVERS HIS
LECTURE... BUT
THIS TIME WITH
A FLESH AND BLOOD EXHIBIT !

NOW IT'S TIME YOU
HOLLARED "UNCLE" !

THE JOKER IS AN
EGOTISTICAL FOOL
WHO LEAVES HIS
CLUES BEHIND AND...

AND SO THE CASE ENDED BUT FOR
THE GAZETTE'S CARTOON !



PRIVATE PETE

SHH!

HENRY
BOLTINOFF

- IF THEY CATCH ME, THERE'S
NO TELLING WHAT THEY'D
DO TO ME !

GOLLY - THIS IS
MORE DANGEROUS
THAN I THOUGHT !

WHW! I MADE IT! THAT'S
THE LAST TIME I STAY AWAY
FROM CAMP AFTER CURFEW!

BATMAN N° 15 - ON SALE DEC. 11TH !

...WITH **FOUR** TYPICAL **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**
ADVENTURES FOR **YOUR** ENJOYMENT !

**1. THE BOY WHO WANTED
TO BE ROBIN....**

HUMAN INTEREST WITH A
REAL PUNCH!

**2. YOUR FACE IS YOUR
FORTUNE....**

THE RETURN OF THE
GLAMOROUS CAT-WOMAN!

3. THE TWO FUTURES...

BATMAN AND ROBIN GO INTO
DAYS-TO-COME TO ENVISION
LIFE UNDER NAZISM.....OR
DEMOCRACY !

**4. THE LONELIEST MEN
IN THE WORLD...**

A CHRISTMAS STORY THAT HAS
EVERYTHING !



DON'T MISS IT !

The BOY COMMANDOS

IN A BREAK FOR SANTA

by
JOE SIMON
and JACK KIRBY

ORDER OF THE DAY
WE WILL DELIVER A
CHRISTMAS GIFT WHICH
WILL HAVE TO BE STOLEN
FROM A NAZI
CONCENTRATION CAMP...
A LITTLE BOY'S LIFE
DEPENDS ON IT....

Rip Carter
CAPTAIN

IN A WORLD CLODED BY THE DARKNESS OF THE MADMEN WHO WORSHIP THE SWORD OVER THE GOOD BOOK, THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS IS OBSCURED BY THE TRAGEDY OF DEATH AND CONQUEST...YET CHRISTMAS...AND ALL IT STANDS FOR IN LOVE, HUMILITY AND ABIDING FAITH STILL FINDS EXPRESSION IN THE DEEDS OF MEN OF VALOR! THIS EPIC OF CHRISTMAS AND DARING TELLS HOW THE BOY COMMANDOS AND THEIR GALLANT LEADER, CAPTAIN RIP CARTER, SMASH AT THE NAZI FORCES OF EVIL AND SLAVERY TO BRING BACK HAPPINESS IN PLACE OF TEARS AND DESPAIR!



Blackout in Europe!

THE ICY WIND SHIVERS OUT AN EERIE MESSAGE --- AS PHANTOM-LIKE FIGURES STEALTHILY INTO THE NIGHT!

A BLANKET OF SNOW MUFFLES THE TREAD OF MILITARY FEET WHERE THE SHADOWY WARRIORS CONVERGE ON A PRE-ARRANGED RENDEZVOUS...

SWIFTLY AND EXPERTLY THEY CLAMBER INTO THAT MONSTER OF "BLITZKRIEG" WARFARE...
THE ARMORED CAR!

NIMBLE HANDS CONCEAL THE VICIOUS SNOUTS OF THE GUNS...

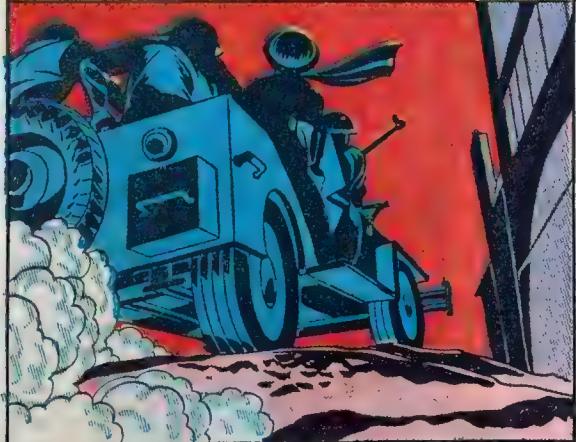


A WHISPERED COMMAND IS DROWNED OUT BY THE HOWL OF THE WIND...

LOAD EVERYTHING AND ASSUME YOUR STATIONS!



SILENTLY AS A GHOST SHIP, THE IRON JUGGERNAUT ROLLS INTO THE SHADOWS...



...AND HEADS DIRECTLY FOR THE HEART OF THE CITY!



REMEMBER...WE'VE STAKED A LOT ON THIS...EVERYTHING MUST GO OFF TO THE SPLIT SECOND!

BOY! WILL THEY BE SURPRISED WHEN WE DROP DIS LOAD ON 'EM!

BROOKLYN AND I WILL TAKE THE FRONT ENTRANCE... ANDRE AND JAN TAKE THE REAR... AND YOU, ALFY, HOP IN THROUGH THE SIDE DOOR!

IT'LL BE TOUGH DE WAY WE'RE ALL LOADED TO DA TEET!!

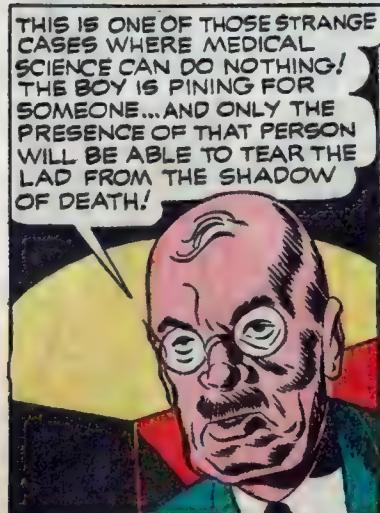
PUT ON YER DISGUISES! IF THEY RECOGNIZE US... IT'S COITINS!!



AND THE BOY COMMANDOS
SUCCESSFULLY CARRY THROUGH
THEIR SURPRISE "BLITZ"!

MERRY CHRISTMAS!





NOT A CHANCE IN THE WORLD!
HIS FATHER IS IN A NAZI
PRISON CAMP... SUFFERING
DEVIL'S TORMENT! I JUST
RECEIVED THE REPORT FROM
THE INTERNATIONAL RED
CROSS IN GENEVA!



I AM SORRY YOUR KIND
GESTURE WAS NOT FULLY
APPRECIATED... IT SHOULD
HAVE BEEN STAGED UNDER
HAPPIER CIRCUMSTANCES!



DE NASTIES ARE
CHUST VAIT
TILL I GET
RESPONSIBLE
FER DIS!
MINE HANDS
ON DER
GOOSE-
STEPPERS!



SLIMEY, RIP..YOU'VE
NEVER FAILED US!
THERE MUST BE
SOMETHING
WE CAN DO!

HMM...I
WONDER...

BEFORE WE DO ANYTHING,
WE'D BETTER REPORT TO
QUARTERS!
SA-A-Y...
WHAT'S
THIS?

THERE THEY H'ARE!
THE FIFTH COLUM-
NISTS! LET'S
GET THIM!



WHO'S A FIFT' COLUMNIST?
LEMME AT DEM... I'LL
MANGL 'EM... I'LL
TEAR 'EM APART!



HOLD ON,
KIDS...LET'S
TALK THIS
OVER!

TEAR NOTHIN'...
YE BLINKIN'
TRAITOR!

DAT DOES
IT!! UP AN'
AT 'EM,
GANG!



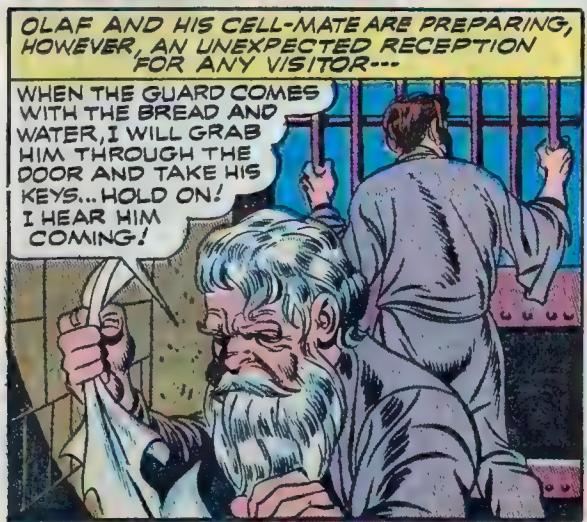


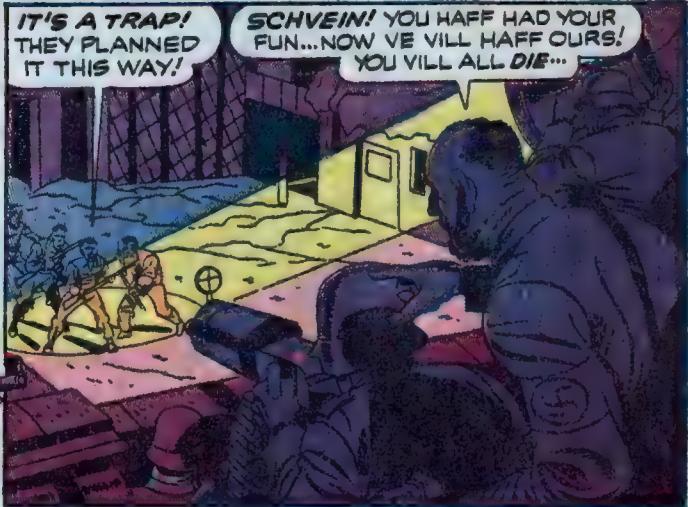
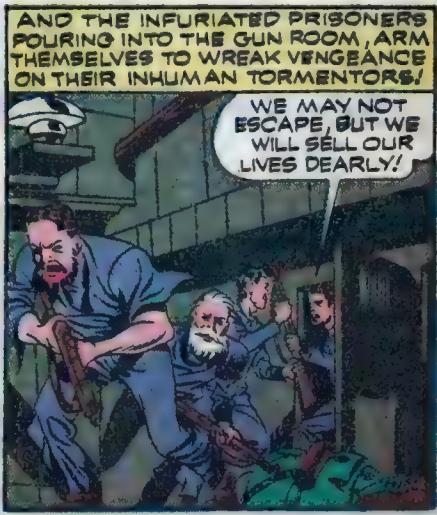
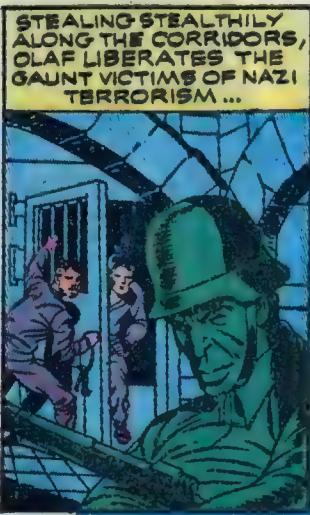


LIKE A DREAD CHAMBER OF HORRORS FROM THE TERRIBLE DAYS OF THE INFAMOUS INQUISITION... DEVIL'S TORTURE LIVES UP TO THE FULL IMPACT OF ITS NAME....

SURROUNDED BY A HIGH ELECTRIFIED FENCE AND BRISTLING WITH MACHINE GUNS, THE PRISON'S ONLY ESCAPE FOR ITS PAIN-WRACKED INMATES IS...

Death!



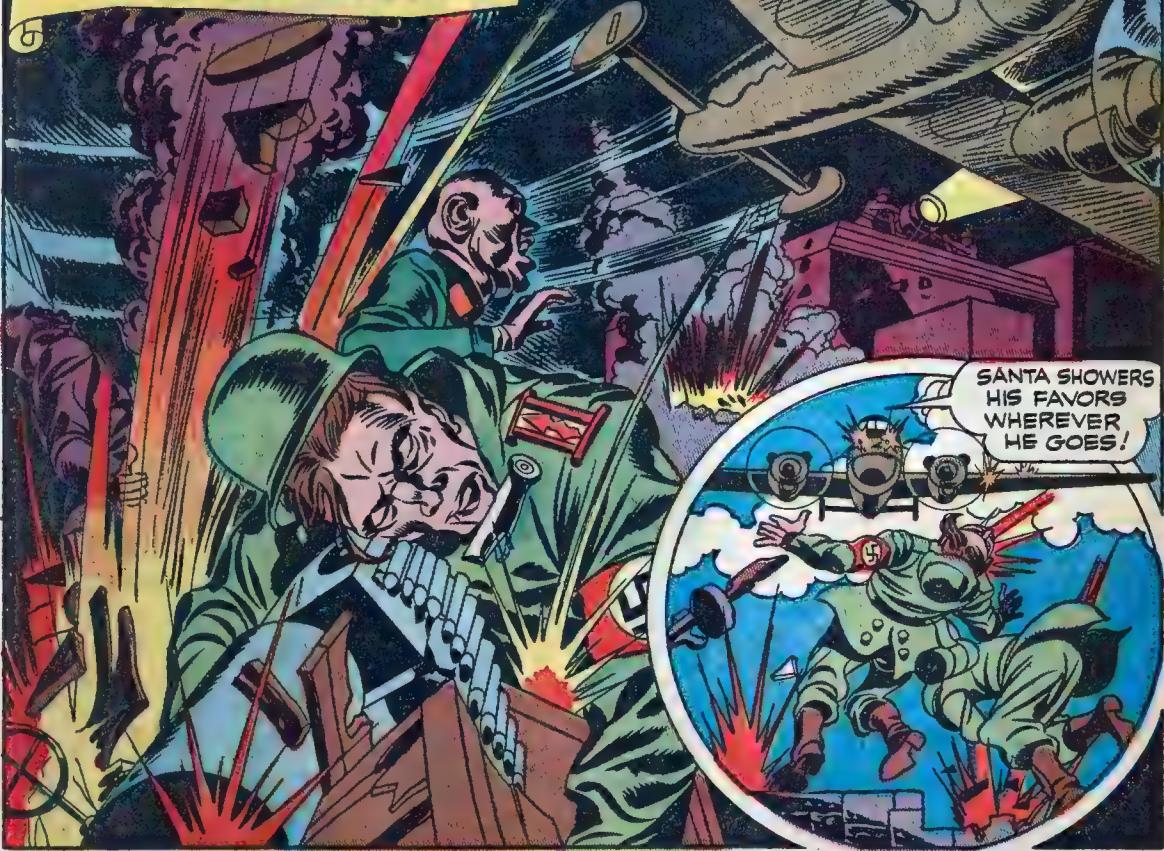


BUT... FROM OUT OF THE VERY HEAVENS, A FAMILIAR
DRONE BLENDS WITH THE STACCATO COUGH OF
THE SUB-MACHINE GUNS...



LIKE AVENGING SPIRITS ANSWERING
THE CALL OF THE DISTRESSED...
THEY PLUMMET DOWN FROM THE
SKIES...MIRACLE MEN OF FREEDOM!

THE COMMANDOS ARE COMING!



THE TERRIBLE EXPLOSIONS CREATE A DIVERSION FOR THE TRAPPED PRISONERS...AND THE TABLES ARE TURNED ON THEIR RUTHLESS JAILERS!



AS THE ESCAPING PRISONERS BREAK LOOSE IN THE CONFUSION, THEY RUN TOWARD THE LANDING BRITISH BOMBER!

IT IS THE COMMANDOS... ONLY THEY WOULD DARE SUCH A RESCUE!

DIS WAY, OLAF...WE DON'T WANNA LOSE YOU!
QUICKLY! TO THE PLANE! WE MUST DESTROY THE PRISON COMPLETELY--- BEFORE THEY CAN REORGANIZE!



A THUNDEROUS EXPLOSION ROCKS THE EARTH...DEVIL'S TORMENT IS NO MORE...



THEIR WORK OF DESTRUCTION COMPLETED, THE COMMANDOS CATAPOULT FROM THE SHAMBLES AS GERMAN MOTORIZED UNITS SCREAM TO THE SCENE OF DESOLATION!

WHAT A SNATCH! WE COULDNT MISS YOU, OLAF...YA LOOK JUST LIKE YER KID!

LITTLE OLAF... HOW IS HE? IS HE WELL?



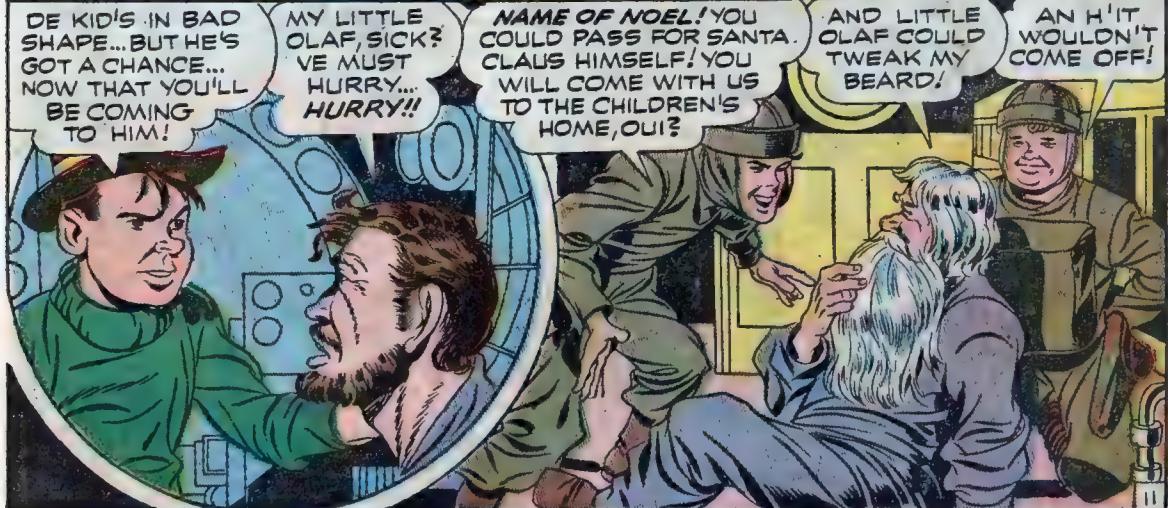
DE KID'S IN BAD SHAPE...BUT HE'S GOT A CHANCE... NOW THAT YOU'LL BE COMING TO HIM!

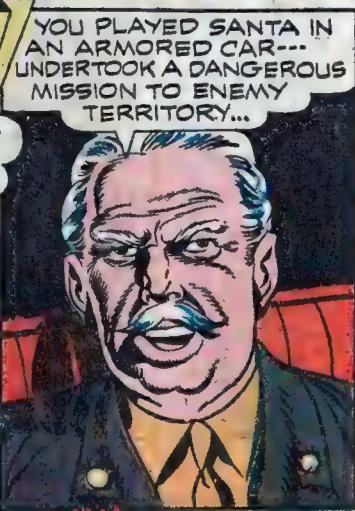
MY LITTLE OLAF, SICK? WE MUST HURRY... HURRY!!

NAME OF NOEL! YOU COULD PASS FOR SANTA CLAUS HIMSELF! YOU WILL COME WITH US TO THE CHILDREN'S HOME, OUI?

AND LITTLE OLAF COULD TWEAK MY BEARD!

AN H'IT WOULDN'T COME OFF!





HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW OUR WAR WEAPONS?

See how many of these famous symbols you can write in the blank spaces under the pictures.

M-31

M-4

PBY

PT

P-47

①



Dog-fighting 7 miles up or in a thundering power dive, it's a fighter pilot's dream come true. Its symbol is []

②



Poison to the Japs at Subic Bay, they're the fastest torpedo boats afloat.

Their symbol is []

③



Big, tough and streamlined to deflect enemy fire, they're the Army's newest "Sunday Punch." Their symbol is []

④



"Eyes of the Navy," they patrol vast ocean stretches, guard our shores, scout the enemy's fleet.

Their symbol is []

ANSWERS
1—M-31
2—PT
3—M-4
4—P-47
5—PBY

⑤



The 31 ball bearings in the MORROW Coaster Brake give the longest coasting, easiest pedaling ride you ever had.

MORROW COASTER BRAKE. They fight with our Bicycle Troops and with our Parachute Troops. Their symbol is []

THE INVISIBLE CREW
Precision Equipment by **Bendix**
AVIATION CORPORATION

ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION

DIZZY DATA

..... BY CPL. GEO PAPP

GRIZZLY BEARS
CAN RUN AT THE
AMAZING SPEED OF
THIRTY MILES
PER HOUR!



GAP!
I MUST BE
POING THIRTY-
FIVE!

ACCORDING TO A CHECK-UP MADE SEVERAL YEARS AGO,
THERE IS A GENERAL FOR EVERY ONE HUNDRED
AND TWENTY-FOUR
SOLDIERS IN
MEXICO!

ABOUT 900 DIFFERENT
LANGUAGES ARE SPOKEN
BY THE MANY TRIBES
OF AFRICA!





STAMPS

by Sidney M. Elias



Simon Bolivar

ONE of South America's greatest liberators and most famous hero was Simon Bolivar. In fact, he may be called the George Washington of Colombia, Venezuela, Ecuador, Bolivia and Peru, for it was his guiding genius which was instrumental in bringing about their independence. He fought for more than 10 years against the Spanish rulers in the cause of independence and in the beginning was defeated time and time again, only to spring up again at another place with a new army. As his fame grew, so did his armies and it was not long before the tide of battle turned in his favor. He defeated one Spanish

ernment. When Bolivar arrived in Caracas in 1810, it was not long before he became a promoter for the independence of Venezuela. From that time on, he devoted the rest of his life to the cause of liberty and independence. Bolivar became the first president of Colombia which at that time consisted of the former Spanish provinces of Venezuela, Ecuador and New Granada (Colombia) which were united into a greater Colombia. Additional honors were bestowed upon him when the former Spanish province of Upper Peru which he liberated, proclaimed itself the Republic of Bolivia.

Most of the stamps of Vene-



Simon Bolivar

army after another and in 1824 at Ayacucho, Peru, he won a decisive victory which broke the power of Spain in South America.

Simon Bolivar was born in Caracas, Venezuela in 1783, of noble parents who sent him to Spain for an education. While in Europe he was an eye-witness to some of the scenes of the French Revolution. On his trip home, he stopped in the United States where he observed the workings of a free and independent gov-

uela, and a good many of those of Colombia, Bolivia, Peru and Ecuador, have Bolivar's portrait on the designs. An actual count of the stamps bearing his likeness may show that he has appeared on more stamps of South American countries than any other person. Not only has a country been named after him, but the currency of Venezuela has been called a bolívar and in Bolivia, it is called a bolívano.

6 LIBERIA AIRMAIL TRIANGLES 5c
Complete set to approval applicants only
L. W. BROWN Dept. DA Marion, Mich.

Gigantic Canadian Bargain
Complete set Royal Visit, Coronation, Jubilee, new George VI set, Confederation, Geo. V set, etc. A gigantic bargain. Only 1¢ to approval applicants.
Ensign Stamp Co., Box 118-D, So. Orange, N. J.

UNITED STATES BARGAIN

Here's an offer so stupendous that it is almost unbelievable; 52 different U.S. stamps ranging in age as far back as over sixty years and in face values as high as \$100.00! Wilson, composed entirely of face postage, airmail and commemorative stamps, nothing else. In addition, 2 U.S. Possession pictorials.

We will send all these for only 10¢ but only to sincere approval applicants. In asking for approvals please state whether you are interested in United States or foreign stamps or both.

Approval Headquarters
GLOBUS STAMP COMPANY
268 Fourth Avenue, Dept. 733 New York City

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JOHN J. GUNTHER, Box 555, Stamford, Conn.

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Send-to-day for big new edition fully illustrated, enabling you instantly to identify all difficult stamps! Also fine packet strange, fascinating stamps from Bosnia-Herzegovina, Monaco, Patiala, Cyprus, etc. Including Maps, Ships, Animals and strange scenes. All free to approval applicants. Inclosing 3¢ postage. GARCÉLON STAMP CO.

Box 952 Calais, Maine

GREAT "3¢ PRICE FOR 5¢" OFFER!

(1) Big collection of 112 all different genuine stamps, from Africa, South America, South Sea Islands, etc. Includes Nicaragua airmail; triangle and animal stamps; many others. (2) 2 scarce unused United States cat. price 20¢. (3) Fine packet 25 diff. British Colonies—Ceylon, Jamaica, Jersey, etc. (4) U.S. 3¢. 4¢ & \$5.00 high values. Total catalog price over \$4.00! Everything for only 5¢ to approval applicants! Big lists of other bargains given. MYSTIC STAMP CO., Dept. 4, Camden, New York

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GRAY STAMP COMPANY Dept. AM Toronto Canada

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Few collectors have ever seen these rare U.S. locals issued by Wells Fargo & Co. in 1861. Since originals are practically unobtainable, we will send a free set of facsimile reproductions to approval applicants who enclose 4¢ (four cents) postage. R.D. Roberts & Co., 304 Shearer Bldg., Bay City, Mich.

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Free to approval applicants
PLADON STAMP CO.
1717 Idaho, Dept. DA, Toledo, Ohio

EARN CASH! . . . EARN STAMPS!
Boys and girls, sell my approvals, nickel packets and supplies in your school, club, and neighborhood, or to yourself. Bargains in stamps and profits to you. Wholesale and Bargain Lists sent. Mortimer G. Ellis, 55 Reade St., New York City

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Search set of four Russian stamps extra-longing 6¢, plus giant illustrated bargain-list. All absolutely free to SERIOUS approval applicants who enclose the names and addresses of three stamp collecting friends. Frederick B. Pitts, Dept. 26, Framingham, Mass.

THE CRIMSON AVENGER

BY JACK LEHIL



DID YOU EVER KNOW A MAN WHOSE LUCK WAS ALL BAD? EVERYTHING HAPPENED TO SAM CARVER...BLACK CATS CROSSSED HIS PATH, LUCKY COINS WENT SOUR, HORSESHOES LOST THEIR MAGIC WHEN HE TOUCHED THEM AND CROOKS USED HIM FOR A PUNCHING. . AND ALL THE TIME, WHILE HIS OWN BAD JUDGMENT WAS AT FAULT, HE BLAMED LADY LUCK! THEN THE CRIMSON AVENGER AND WING WENT TO HIS RESCUE, RELYING NOT ON LUCK, BUT UPON COURAGE AND SKILL... AND WROTE A HAPPY ENDING TO THE STORY OF

THE
UNLUCKY
REPORTER

OUTSIDE THE PALATIAL HOME OF INVENTOR WILLIAM BETTS...UNLUCKY SAM CARVER TOSSES HIS LUCKY COIN!



HOLY SMOKE, THIS IS A BAD SIGN! TWO HEADS...AND I COULDN'T GET EITHER OF THEM! I'D BETTER RUB MY LUCKY RABBIT'S FOOT!



AS CARVER REACHES INTO HIS BACK POCKET, A LOOK OF DISMAY CROSSES HIS FACE!

LOST MY RABBIT'S FOOT! BAD LUCK IS SURE TRAILING ME!



BUT I DON'T GIVE UP! I'LL INTERVIEW MR BETTS ABOUT THE NEW TANK HE INVENTED IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!

HA-HAI
LOOK WHO'S TRYING TO GET A STORY!



UNLUCKY SAM CARVER RINGS THE DOORBELL—AND THEN...

(GULP...A BLACK CAT!) ERR...I'D LIKE TO INTERVIEW HE ISN'T READY TO GIVE ANY INTERVIEWS YET!

I'M MR. WHITE, MR. BETTS'S SECRETARY! SORRY, BUT HE ISN'T READY TO GIVE ANY INTERVIEWS YET!



OH, WELL, I TRIED! BUT I KNEW IT WAS NO USE! I HAVE TO LAUGH AT THESE FELLOWS, WAITING HERE FOR NOTHING!



LATER THAT DAY...CARVER IS TO HAVE LUNCH WITH BETTY JAYNE, HIS FIANCÉE...

LET'S GO AROUND IT, BETTY!
UNDER THE LADDER MEANS BAD LUCK!



BUT AS CARVER MOVES HURRIEDLY TO ONE SIDE...



I'M TAKING NO CHANCES WITH BAD LUCK! BUT I WISH I HAD THAT RABBIT'S FOOT...

LOOK OUT!

THIS IS THE LAST STRAW, SAM CARVER! EVERY TIME I GO OUT WITH YOU, YOU MANAGE TO GET INTO TROUBLE! HERE'S YOUR RING—GOOD-BYE!

BUT BETTY, I WAS BORN UNLUCKY!



IN THE OFFICE OF THE GLOBE-LEADER...MORE BAD LUCK! LEE TRAVIS, PUBLISHER-EDITOR, GREETS SAM CARVER ANGRILY!



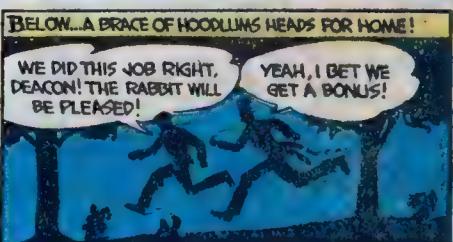
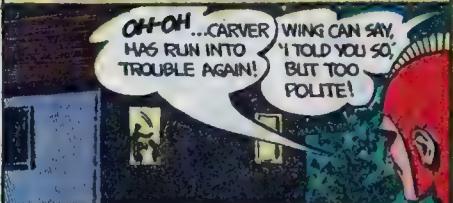
A DETERMINED SAM CARVER SETS OUT... WHILE LEE TRAVIS WONDERS...



A QUICK CHANGE TO FIGHTING TOGS... AND LEE TRAVIS BECOMES THE CRIMSON AVENGER, CRUSADING CRIME-CRUSHER! WITH WING, HE WATCHES AS...



SUDDENLY...A SINISTER SHADOW STEALS UPON THE SCENE... SMITES FIERCELY...



THEN A CRIMSON THUNDERBOLT STREAKS DOWN

THIS IS A LONG WAY TO JUMP BUT I'M COUNTING ON SOMETHING SOFT TO BREAK MY FALL!

HEY, LOOK!
THAT SWORD!
IT'S THE
AVENGER!

THE AVENGING SWORD, PRODUCED BY A PHOSPHORESCENT PAINT THAT GLOWS IN THE DARK, STRIKES TERROR INTO THE BLACK HEARTS OF THE CRIMINALS!

ONLY TWO CLOCKS! MIST' CLIMSON NO NEED MY HELP!

AH! HERE ARE A COUPLE OF THINGS SO SOFT THEY'RE MUSHY!

AHHHH... THINK I'LL TAKE A NAP!

WISH I WERE THE SANDMAN YOUD HAVE SOME UNPLEASANT DREAMS!

TWO SHEETS OF WHITE PAPER CATCH THE AVENGER'S HAWK-LIKE EYES!

THESE PAPERS ARE WHAT THOSE CROOKS WANTED! THINK I'LL SEE WHAT THEY ARE!

SUDDENLY... A TWO TON TRUCK HURLES FULL SPEED AT THE UNSUSPECTING SCARLET SCOURGE OF CRIME!

WELL! THIS PART OF THE FORMULA FOR HARRIGAN'S DOG FOOD! WONDER WHY THOSE CROOKS WANT IT?

MIST' CLIMSON, JUMP!

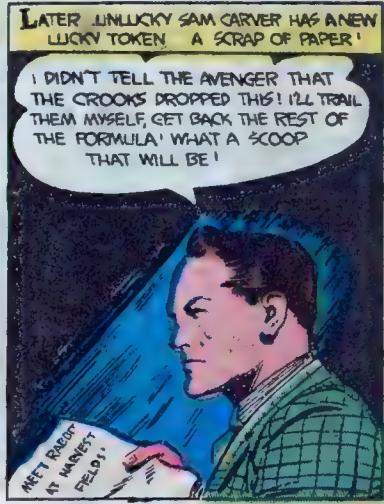
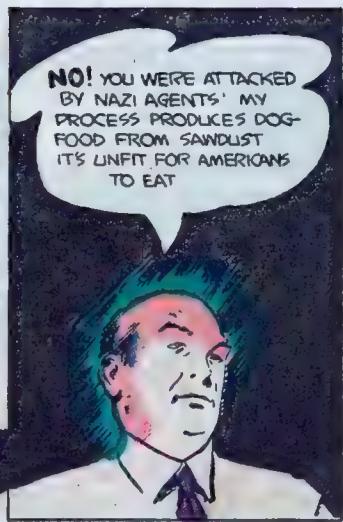
EXCUSE, MIST' CLIMSON, WHILE ME CLEAR WAY FO' TLICK!



ONLY THE LOYAL WING'S SPLIT-SECOND ACTION HAS AVERTED DISASTER!

THAT TRUCK DELIBERATELY TRIED TO RUN ME DOWN, WING! I UNDERESTIMATED THESE CROOKS! I DIDN'T REALIZE THE FIRST TWO WOULD HAVE PROTECTION!







SECONDS LATER, A GLASS CAPSULE SPEEDS FROM THE HANDS OF THE CRIMSON AVENGER...A CRIMSON CLOUD FILLS THE AIR!



THE FRIGHTENED FELONS DECIDE TO SEEK REFUGE IN FLIGHT!



IN THE DARKNESS, ESCAPE IS MADE GOOD!



A CRIMSON BEAM FROM THE AVENGERS' SEARCHLIGHT STABS THROUGH THE DARKNESS AND PICKS OUT AN UNFORTUNATE FIGURE!



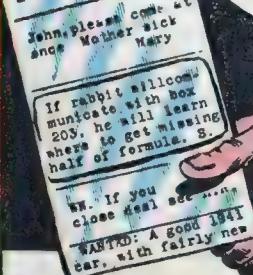
THE AVENGER HAS REASON TO WONDER!
FOR CARVER HAS ANOTHER SCHEME IN
MIND... AND CARVER'S SCHEMES SPELL WOE!

I'M GOING TO GET EVEN WITH
THE RABBIT! I'LL LURE HIM
INTO A TRAP!



I'LL TELL HIM I'M WILLING
TO SELL THE PART OF THE
FORMULA HE DIDN'T GET..
THEN I'LL CAPTURE HIM AND
TURN HIM OVER TO THE F.B.I.!

In the
spies
etcance...



AND SO SHORTLY AFTERWARDS...IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT, ON A SILENT, DESERTED STREET...

THE RABBIT FELL FOR MY
SCHEME! I'LL SHOW MR. TRAVIS I'M
NOT SO UNLUCKY! HE'LL GIVE
ME A RAISE WHEN HE LEARNS
I'VE CAPTURED A NAZI
SPY!



MEANWHILE, ON A LONELY ROOFTOP, THE
DEACONAINS A TOMMY GUN!

THAT DUMB REPORTER
HAS CAUSED US ENOUGH
TROUBLE! HERE'S WHERE
HE GETS RUBBED OUT!

THE RABBIT
SAID TO RUB
HIM OUT WITH-
OUT VIOLENCE!



BUT UNKNOWN TO THE DEACON, HE HIMSELF
IS WATCHED! FOR ON A NEIGHBORING ROOFTOP,
THE LYNX-EYED AVENGER AND WING PREPARE
TO PLAY THEIR PARTS IN A GRIM THREE COR-
NERED DRAMA!



THIS SHORT RUN
WILL GIVE US
MOMENTUM!
FUNNY, TAKE NOT
EVEN ONE MOMENT
TO GET ONE
MOMENTUM!



FROM NOW ON
THIS GUN IS
GOING TO TALK...
AND IT WILL
TAKE A LEAD
MESSAGE RIGHT
TO CARVER'S
HEART!

LOOK HERE, BOYS!
PENNIES FROM
HEAVEN!



CHIN UP! IT
MAKES A
BETTER
TARGET!

I HIT CLOOK VELLY
GENTLY! NO VIOLENCE!
NOT MUCH!



WHILE IN THE STREET BELOW...

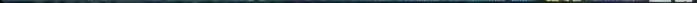
I'M SHOT! I'M DEAD!
WHY WAS I BORN UNLUCKY?
WHY DID I EVER BECOME A
REPORTER?



ONCE MORE THE DEACON MAKES A DASH FOR SAFETY...

I'VE GOT TO GET TO THE RABBIT, TELL HIM THE AVENGER IS STILL ON OUR TRAIL!

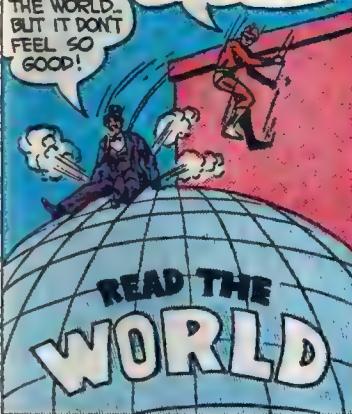
THE DEACON IS SMALL FRY! I'M GOING TO LET HIM THINK HE'S ESCAPING... AND HAVE HIM LEAD ME TO THE RABBIT!



A DESPERATE LEAP BY THE DEACON...

I'M SITTIN' ON TOP OF THE WORLD... BUT IT DON'T FEEL SO GOOD!

I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU FEEL WORLDLY!



YOU'RE LEARNING GEOGRAPHY THE HARD WAY, DEACON! ONE PUNCH TAKES YOU ALL THE WAY FROM SOUTH AMERICA TO AFRICA!



I'M GOING TO GET AWAY FROM THAT GLY IF I HAVE TO GET OFF THE EARTH TO DO IT!

HERE'S WHERE I LET HIM GET AWAY! NOW TO RETURN AND SEE HOW WING IS DOING!



THE AVENGER FINDS WING ENJOYING THE SCENERY!

CITY VELLY PLETTY! WING, HAND THIS CROOK OVER TO THE COPS, AND SEE HOW CARVER IS! I'M FOLLOWING THE DEACON TO THE RABBIT!



WING FISHES THE UNLUCKY, WATER-SOAKED REPORTER OUT OF THE FOUNTAIN!

LEAVE ME ALONE! I'M SHOT, I TELL YOU! I'M PRACTICALLY DEAD!

YOU NO HURT, PLENTY SCARED!



MEANWHILE, THE CRIMSON CRIME-CRUSHER, TAKING NUMEROUS SHORT-CUTS OVER THE ROOF TOPS, PURSUES HIS QUARRY TO HIS GOAL!

SO THAT'S THE RABBIT'S HIDING PLACE! I'LL LET WING KNOW WHERE I AM!

NEXT MOMENT, A LARGE BALLOON DRIFTS OVER THE CITY STREETS! ON IT, SCRIBBLED IN SPECIAL PAINT, GLOWS AN URGENT MESSAGE, INVISIBLE TO ORDINARY EYES!



WEARING SPECIAL SPECTACLES, WING SCANS THE SKIES! SOON...

MESSAGE FLOW MIST' CLIMSON! HE SAY COME TO HOUSE OF WILLIAM BETTS!

I DON'T SEE ANY MESSAGE!

A FEW MOMENTS, AND THE CRIME-SMASHING TEAM IS REUNITED! THEN...

WHO BROUGHT THEM HERE?

THE DEACON KINDLY LED THE WAY! LAST TIME, YOU ESCAPED BY A HAIR AND NOT A BELGIAN HARE, EITHER... BUT NOT THIS TIME!

I ABHOR... AHHHHHHH...

I ABHOR VIOLENCE TOO, RABBIT... BUT YOU NAZIS STARTED IT, AND YOU'RE GOING TO KEEP GETTING IT FROM NOW ON!

ATTRACTED BY THE NOISE, WILLIAM BETTS COMES RUNNING!

IT'S MR. WHITE, MY SECRETARY! HE BECAME YOUR SECRETARY SO HE COULD STEAL THE SECRET OF YOUR NEW TANK FOR THE NAZIS! HE'S BEEN TRYING TO GET OTHER INFORMATION TO THEM, TOO!

HERE'S THE OTHER HALF OF THAT SAWDUST TO DOGFOOD FORMULA! AND NOW, I THINK THE F.B.I. HAD BETTER TAKE OVER!

I'VE GOT A REAL SCOOP, AT LAST!

ATER... IN THE OFFICE OF THE GLOBE-LEADER

I'M SO PROUD OF THE WAY SAM CAUGHT THOSE NAZI SPIES, MR. TRAVIS, AVENGER

NICE WORK, CARVER! BUT WE'RE ENGAGED AGAIN!

JUST A LITTLE, MR. TRAVIS, JUST A LITTLE! HE INSISTED!

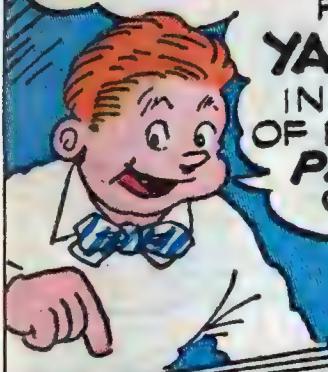
THE CRIMSON AVENGER WAS GOOD LUCK FOR THE UNLUCKY REPORTER... BUT HE AND THE FAITHFUL WING ARE PLENTY BAD LUCK FOR CROOKS! KEEP TRACK OF THEIR CRIME-CRUSHING ACTION IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF... DETECTIVE COMICS!

A REAL PRIZE AMONG COMICS!

YESSIR . . . HERE'S THAT SPEEDY-ACTION MAGAZINE THAT FEATURES AMERICA'S FIGHTING TWINS

YANK AND DOODLE

IN THE FASTEST SORT OF BANG-UP ADVENTURE!
PLUS A FLOCK OF OTHER TOP-NOTCH FEATURES!



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DON'T MISS IT!

Free for Asthma During Winter

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp; if raw, wintry winds make you choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address Frontier Asthma Co., 34K Frontier Bldg., Buffalo, New York.

What You Buy With WAR BONDS

The "Stovepipe," as the 60-millimeter trench mortar is commonly known, is used by our infantry for close-in fighting. It fires a 2.4-pound shell at the rate of about 35 a minute.



The mortar fires its projectile in a U-shaped arc and for this reason may be successfully camouflaged behind an obstruction. It costs about \$500. You and your neighbors, joining together, can buy many of these effective weapons for use of our army.

LIONEL TRAINS

LIONEL CHEM-LAB

Now, right at the moment when chemical research is of utmost importance to America, Lionel introduces a miniature chemical laboratory for boys and girls. Complete and professional in every way, Lionel Chem-Lab will give you all the magic and dark secrets of science. Read about Lionel Chem-Lab in the new 1942 Lionel Catalog. See them at your nearest toy store.

Go to your nearest department store, hardware, electrical or toy dealer and ask for a copy of the new, big, 1942 Lionel Catalog. It pictures in full-color this year's great, new fleet of Lionel speed wizards. Big, powerful engines with remote control locomotive whistles. Snarling little switchers with electrically operated engine bells. If you can't wait—if you want your catalog at once—then clip and mail coupon below, enclosing 10 cents to cover postage and handling.

LIONEL, Dept. S, 15 East 26th St., New York.
Enclosed is 10c to cover postage and handling.
Please send a copy of new 1942 Lionel Catalog.

Name _____

Address _____

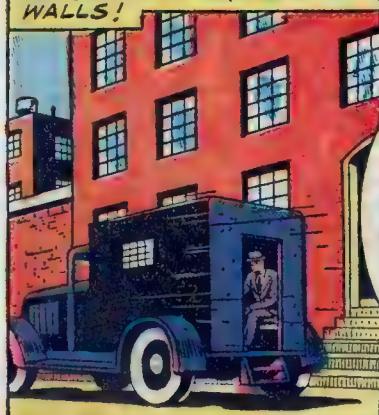
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State _____



"DEATH ON THE DIAMOND!"

TWILIGHT - A COLD GRAY SKY ABOVE - AND A PRISON VAN SCREECHES TO A STOP BEFORE GRIM GRANITE WALLS!



A DETECTIVE AND HIS PRISONER EMERGE...

COME ALONG! THIS IS GOING TO BE YOUR HOME FOR THE NEXT TWENTY YEARS!



WHO IS THIS DANGEROUS PRISONER? NONE OTHER THAN BART REGAN, SECRET SERVICE AGENT!

I WAS FRAMED!
I TELL YOU! I
WAS FRAMED!
THAT'S WHAT
THEY ALL SAY!



A NEW LIFE BEGINS FOR BART REGAN... A LIFE OF DULL, DEADLY MONOTONY THAT SEARS THE SOUL!

EYES STRAIGHT AHEAD!

STEP IT UP! QUIT LOAFING!

LIGHTS OUT!

I CAN'T STAND IT ANY MORE!



AND THEN ONE DAY... FLAMING REVOLT!

I CAN'T STAND IT ANY MORE! I WANT TO GO HOME!

HE'S STIR-CRAZY!



SURE, YOU GOTTA WORK IT DIFFERENT WITH THESE GUARDS! SOFT SOAP 'EM AND THEY'LL BE NICE TO YOU!

GOOD MORNING, GUARD! HAVE A GOOD NIGHT'S REST?

THAT'S THE STUFF! GIVE 'EM THE OLD OIL!



THUS, A STRANGE FRIENDSHIP IS FORMED... BETWEEN A SECRET SERVICE AGENT AND A HARDENED CRIMINAL!

YOU YELLOW RATS! SCARED, HUH? WELL, ANYBODY THAT TRIES TO BEAT REGAN HAS TO BEAT ME, TOO!



TO UNDERSTAND WHY THE FRIENDSHIP WAS FORMED, WE MUST GO BACK SEVERAL MONTHS . . . TO THE OFFICES OF THE SECRET SERVICE!

YES, REGAN, INFORMATION VITAL TO NATIONAL DEFENSE IS BEING SMUGGLED OUT OF THAT PRISON! HOW I DON'T KNOW!

ONLY ONE THING TO DO, CHIEF! I'LL HAVE TO GET IN TO THAT PRISON!

IT'S A DANGEROUS GAME, REGAN!

DON'T WORRY, CHIEF! I'LL MANAGE IT SO THAT NOT EVEN THE WARDEN WILL SUSPECT WHO I AM! THEN I'LL MAKE FRIENDS WITH THE CONVICTS, AND LEARN THINGS!

YES, NO ONE SUSPECTS . . . EXCEPT ONE INSIGNIFICANT-LOOKING CONVICT . . . "THE PENMAN" . . . A FORGER!

REGAN'S FACE IS FAMILIAR, BUT I DON'T REMEMBER WHERE I'VE SEEN IT! I'D BETTER INVESTIGATE HIM!

THAT EVENING . . . RETURNING FROM MESS HALL . . .

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF STEPPING ON MY FOOT?

WHY-I DID NOTHING OF THE SORT!

LIKE FLAME STRIKING DRY TINDER, THE SINGLE SPARK OF HATE KINDLES A RAGING INFERNO!

HE'S A WISE GUY! KNOCK HIM DOWN! KICK HIM!

AH! WHAT SHORT SENTENCES! THE JUDGE GAVE YOU TOO SHORT A SENTENCE, LEFTY!

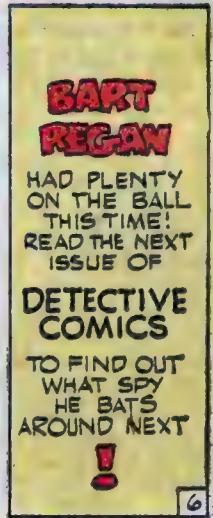
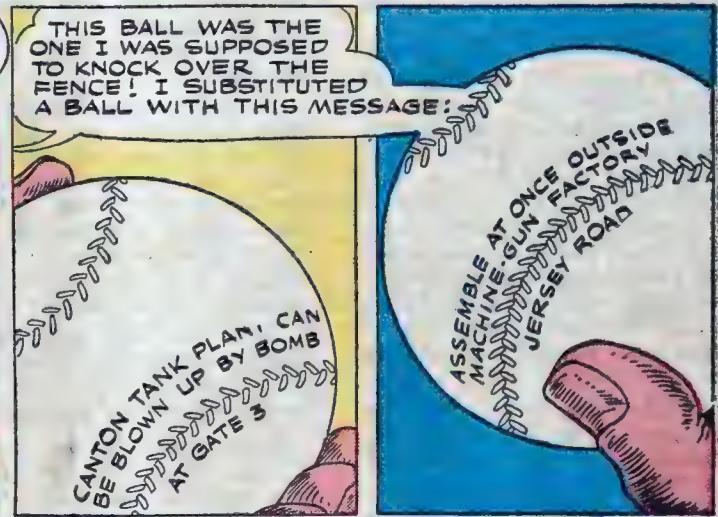
BUT NOW YOU'RE GOING UP FOR A LONG STRETCH!

SO YOU DON'T BAR ANY DIRTY TRICKS, HUH? WELL, I BAR YOU!

OH, BOY, I'M SLUGGIN' A THOUSAND IN THIS LEAGUE!







MURDER ON THE CAMPUS

by Jack Watson

WHEN he heard one of the boys giggle, Slater said sharply: "Murder isn't funny." Then he moved swiftly across the room, seeing the boy's knees buckle. A loud gasp came from Dean Drake.

Slater caught the boy as he sagged. He knew then that the lad, Oxford, hadn't been trying to be funny. It was almost hysteria that had caused him to giggle.

Oxford was coming to. With scared eyes he looked at the detective. "I'm sorry, Mr. Slater, I didn't mean—"

Slater's voice was kindly. "That's all right, son. I should have realized." He nodded toward the small, stocky student named Paulus. "You'd better help him back to the dormitory. See that he lies down."

Dean Drake "hmmd", clearing his throat. This was most distressing, a detective in Wharton University, and a dead man in the morgue. A very important man, Dean Drake realized now, very important.

Slater looked at him. "You've no idea where this other lad, Carson, can be?" He sighed as Dean Drake shook his head. "It's impossible, Dean, that a student can vanish in thin air. I can't figure it out."

The cleaning man had found Professor Glenn's body. The scientist, in the habit of working all hours, had been killed by a blunt instrument sometime after eleven o'clock in the evening. He had been dead seven hours, the medical examiner attested. There was no doubt but that the murderer had made away with important papers on which Glenn had been working. The scientist's notes on a new experiment were missing.

And now, an hour earlier, Slater had discovered the nature of the experiment. A new

explosive powerful enough to wipe out all opposition.

Spy work? Slater found it hard to believe. But he knew that the FBI, always willing to follow down the least suspicion, would take over the case any minute now. They had been keeping an eye on Professor Glenn.

"Mr. Slater." Dean Drake's voice was pitiful. All his life he had been immersed in letters, sheltered behind the ancient, ivy covered walls of Wharton U. And now this. He was bewildered.

"What are we going to do, Mr. Slater?"

"I don't know. So far, at least, we've been able to keep the newspapers out of here. Maybe we can do it twenty-four hours more. I don't know." He shrugged. "Better get me that Carson kid's home town address. I'll have the local authorities check there."

"Yes, yes," said Dean Drake eagerly, as though anxious to get out of the laboratory. "It's in my office." He hustled out.

Slater, alone, looked around the laboratory. This was really a tough nut to crack. Alibi tight. Those kids; so far. Oxford and Paulus. They had been in the lab, along with Carson, until nine o'clock. Then they had gone to their dormitories.

Oxford always slept with his door open. Other students remembered seeing him in bed at eleven and at twelve. And that seemed to rule him out. Besides, he looked too scary for murder.

So, for that matter, did Paulus. Oxford had supplied his alibi. "He was talking, at least until eleven, with Carson," Oxford had said. "The walls connecting the room are so thin I heard them plainly. They were discussing music, of which both of them are fond, since

they play in the school band."

Paulus' alibi had checked.

But where was Carson? No one had seen him all day. Somebody said he might have gone out on a biology field trip. He was behind in that study. Because of this, Slater hadn't sent out a general alarm.

And that never helped. Slater, frowning, took a photo from his pocket, studied the shot the police photographer had taken of the dead man. A blunt instrument all right, struck at the base of the skull.

He put back the photo. His lips were grim. "Carson," he muttered, "maybe you had nothing to do with this, but I'm going to find out." He headed for the janitor's quarters.

A stranger opened to his knock. The man's face was grimy, streaked with oil and grease.

"This is the regular man's day off. He'll be back tomorrow," the stranger said.

Slater went out in the direction of the dormitories. Oxford was in Paulus' room, listening to records on the latter's record player. Paulus got up as Slater came in. "He's feeling much better, Mr. Slater." His face was concerned. "Did you find anything?"

"Nothing." Slater sank down on the bed, stretched his hands wearily behind him. "I'd sure like to find Carson, though."

Paulus' face was shocked. "Why, surely, Mr. Slater, you don't suspect him? I'm telling you he went to bed about twelve, when we finished playing a Beethoven recording I bought."

"That's right," Oxford said, weakly. "I was just dozing off when I heard him say good-night." He smiled wanly. "Carson's big and noisy, but harmless. You can hear him all over the dorm."

Paulus was picking up a music instrument case. "If you don't mind, Mr. Slater," he said. "I've got to go now. We've a rehearsal."

"Okay," Slater said, his eye on the chair Paulus had vacated. "But stick around the school." He heaved himself to his feet as the boy went out. A surprised exclamation burst from his lips as the bed suddenly skidded.

"Look out," Oxford cried. "I should have warned you about that."

"It's too late," Slater said ruefully, disentangling himself from the wastebasket into which he had skidded across the bare floor. Papers were strewn everywhere. "This fellow should buy some rugs."

He pushed the papers back into the basket. Then, suddenly, he stopped, examined a narrow strip of paper, like ticker tape. "What's this?" There were only two words, in capital letters, printed on it. "COME HOME".

"What is it?" Oxford was looking at him anxiously across the room. "Did you find something?"

The knock interrupted him. It was the Dean, waving a slip of paper.

"Here it is, Mr. Slater. Carson's address. His home is about five hundred miles from here, in Talton. Oh, what is this?" His eyes found the litter around the wastebasket. "I'll send for the janitor, Mr. Slater." His lips thinned. "And I'll also have a few words to say to Mr. Paulus. This room is a disgrace." He spoke to Oxford. "Call Manning and tell him to come up here."

"Manning's not on," Slater said. "This is his day off."

The Dean stared at him. "Manning is off on Sundays," he said, firmly. "The same as the rest of us."

A gasp came from Oxford. "That's right," he said, "I was wondering about that when a strange janitor came to the door just before you arrived, Mr. Slater. I was talking to Paulus,

trying to persuade him to play his own recording of a wonderful clarinet solo. The janitor apologized for knocking at the wrong door."

"Wait a minute. Did you say a recording?" Slater's fingers toyed with the strip of paper he had found. He pointed to the machine. "Does that thing make records, too?"

"Certainly," Oxford said. "Paulus has a fine collection of his own stuff. He really—" He stopped, stared in amazement. Slater was running out of the room!

"Mr. Slater—" Dean Drake protested. "You forgot—"

He was breathing heavily when he rapped smartly on the janitor's door. For a long moment, there was no answer.

Slater tried the door. Locked. He rapped again.

This time, he heard shuffling footsteps.

The janitor's face appeared in the crack of the door. "Yes?"

Slater's burly form pushed open the door. "I want to talk to you," he said, shoving the man aside. "Put on a light."

Only a shaft of light from the campus illuminating system showed through the window. But it was enough for Slater to see the shadow move across it. Instinctively, he darted, threw up his arm.

Pain knifed through it as a heavy instrument descended on it, but, with his left hand, he managed to get out his gun. He fired at the janitor, who was fumbling in his pocket.

The man sank against the wall. Another figure moved toward the door, lashed out as Slater's body hurtled through the gloom. Something swished over Slater's head. But the head, buried in the mysterious figure's mid-riff, was unharmed.

Slater snapped on the light. The janitor was dead.

"Get up, Paulus," Slater said to the whimpering figure beside the door. "And I'll take this." He befted the clarinet. "So you loaded it with lead," he said, "to kill Professor Glenn."

Paulus' frantic eyes looked at him, and he struggled for breath. Snarling, Slater hauled him to his feet. "Where's that notebook?"

All the fight was gone from Paulus now. He pointed to the dead man. "He has them. He's my uncle."

Slater retrieved the papers. He kept his gun on Paulus, "Talk, son." His eyes were mere slits now. "And you can skip the details of the recording machine." He held the narrow strip of paper in his hand. "I know you faked a message for Carson to go home. You planted it in his room last night after returning from the laboratory. You knew he'd rush right home, and you probably were with him all the time to urge him on. Then, when he left, you put on a recording you had made of a conversation at some earlier time with Carson. He never knew you made it. This gave you a swell alibi, because you knew your talking might keep Oxford awake. Then you went back to the laboratory and killed Glenn with this." He held out the clarinet:

Paulus shrank away. His eyes rolled and he babbled, almost incoherently. Like his uncle, he, too, was a Nazi and a spy. He had met the uncle the year before, on a vacation in Germany, arranged for him to come over if Glenn should complete his experiments. Because strangers weren't admitted to the college, the uncle had waylaid the real janitor, established the contact.

Impassively, Slater listened to the confession. Then he hauled the frightened Paulus to his feet, snapped on the cuffs. Oddly, he found himself laughing. But it was only with happiness, because he had muffed a couple of obvious clues, but managed to make good on them. He was still grinning as he pushed Paulus into a squad car.

"Just wait'll the Dean reads the papers," he chuckled, "It'll make scholastic history."

AIR WAVE



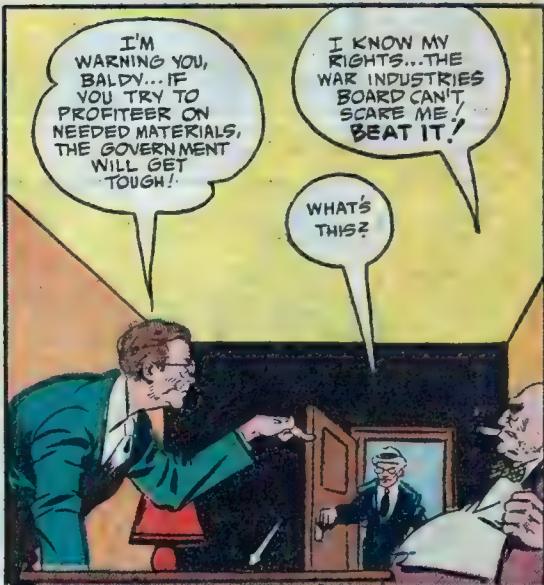
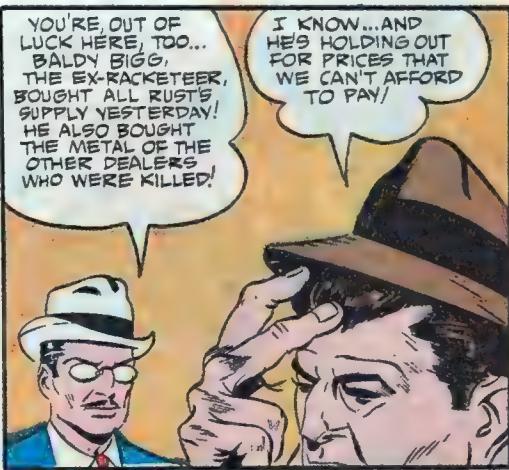
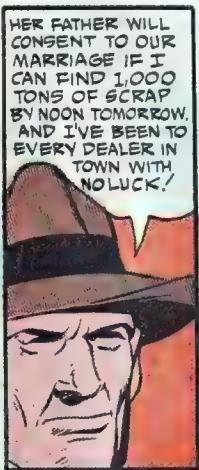
ROMANCE FACES A
ONE WAY RIDE TO THE
SCRAP HEAP WHEN A SHREWD
CRIMINAL CORNERS METAL
NEEDED DESPERATELY FOR
AMERICAN MUNITIONS... BUT AIR
WAVE ACTS WITH THE DAZZLING
SPEED OF A LIGHTNING-FLASH
TO SAVE A FRIEND'S HAPPI-
NESS AND PUT A TRAITOR IN
HIS PLACE, CALLING UPON
THE MYSTERIOUS RADIO FORCES
OF THE ATMOSPHERE TO REVEAL
STARTLING SECRETS IN...

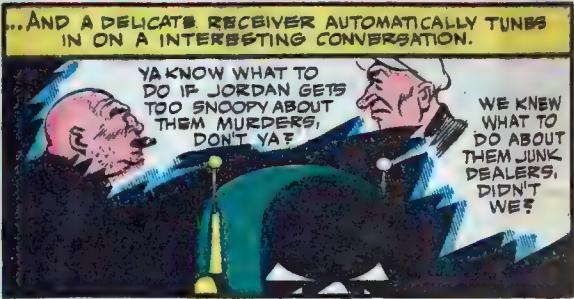
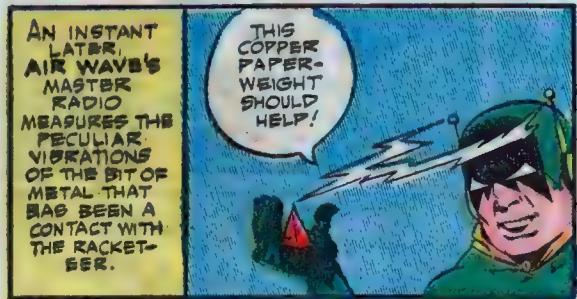
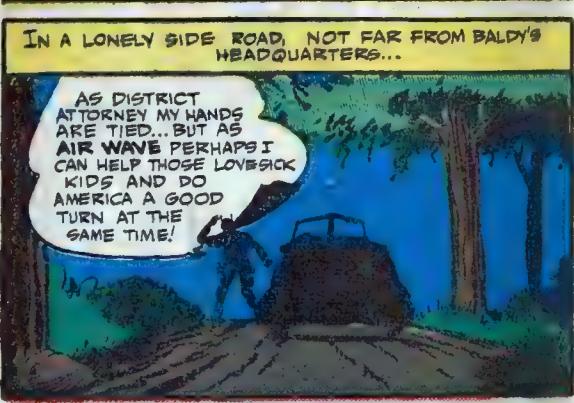
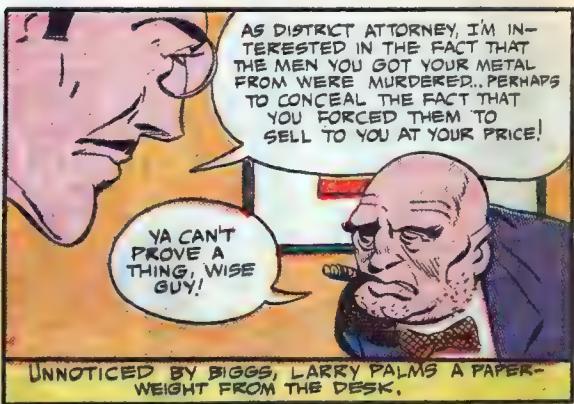
"THE VOICE FROM
NOWHERE."

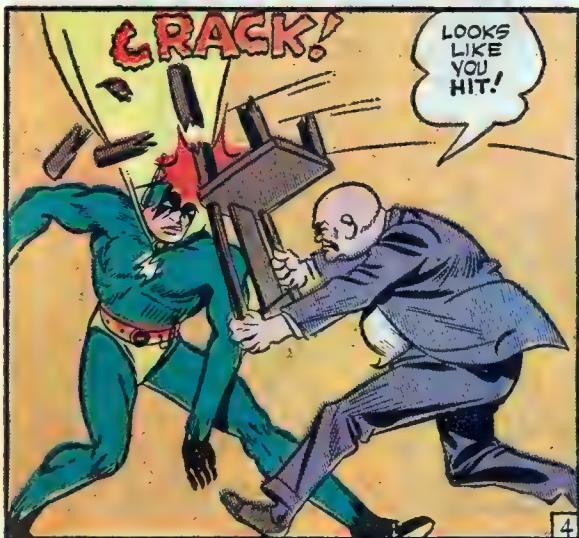


NEXT
MORNING,
DISTRICT
ATTORNEY
LARRY JORDAN
MEETS TWO
FRIENDS AT
THE SCENE
OF THE
TRAGEDY...









Later, in a rusty cavern formed by tons of scrap iron...

NOT A CHANCE OF BREAKING THESE ROPES... BUT IF I DON'T GET OUT OF THEM, THOSE KILLERS WILL GO FREE, RALPH AND HIS GIRL WILL NEVER MARRY, AND BIG WAR CONTRACTS WILL BE DELAYED!

IF I CAN ONLY LOOSEN MY ARMS A LITTLE... (PUFF) AND REACH MY BELT CONTROLS...

NO USE... THEY DID TOO GOOD A JOB OF TYING ME... HMM... WHAT'S THAT SOUND I HEAR? COULD IT BE?... I HOPE...

A BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH SAVING NINE.

IT IS STATIC!

PAL, YOU'RE A LIFE SAVER! HURRY UP AND CLIP THESE BONDS. THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE!

BALDY'S IN FOR THE SURPRISE OF HIS LIFE!

HERE'S WHERE I DIRECT A BATTLE BY RADIO!

IMITATING THE VOICE OF ONE OF THE CRIMINALS, AIR WAVE SPEAKS THROUGH A METAL PENCIL IN THE OTHER'S POCKET...

I'M GONNA SQUEAL TO THE D.A. ON YA FOR THEM KILLINGS!

WHY, YA RAT... I'LL FIX YA SO YA CAN'T.

HUH?

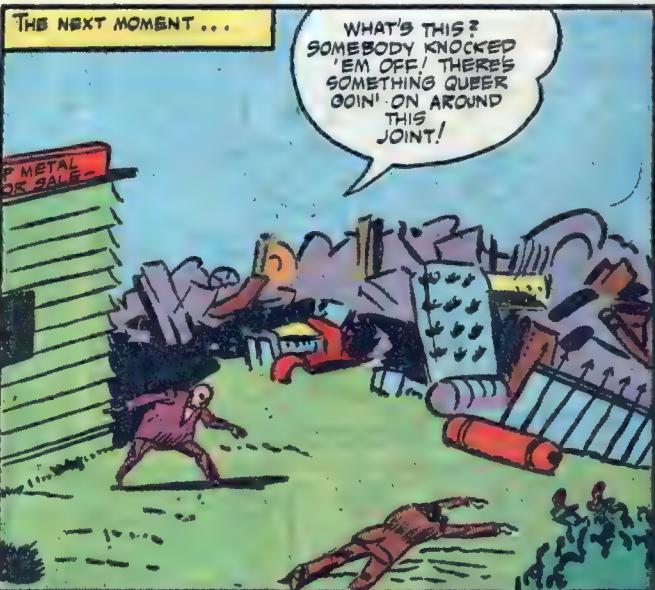
THEN, REVERSING THE SITUATION, HE BROADCASTS FROM THE WATCH CHAIN OF THE FIRST MAN...

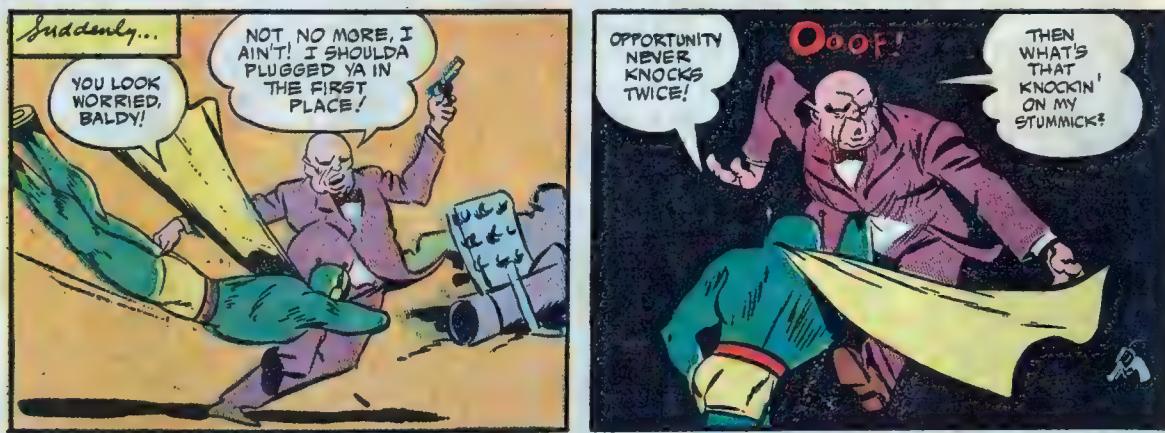
I'M GONNA SQUEAL ON YOU FIRST... SEE?

SO IT'S YOU WHO'S THE RAT, IS IT?

WHAT?

STRIKING IN BLIND FRENZY, THE FURIOUS KILLERS ELIMINATE ONE ANOTHER FROM THE SCENE...



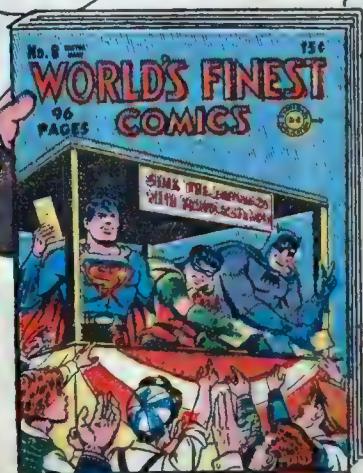




HOW CAN THEY DO IT ??

I ASK YOU, CORPORAL---
HOW CAN THEY GET SO
MANY TOP FEATURES IN
ONE COMIC MAGAZINE ??

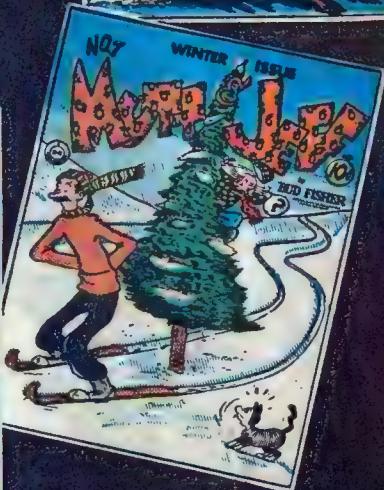
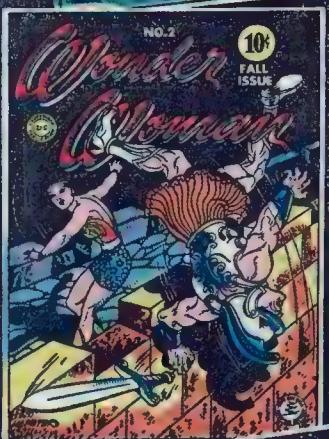
IT'S AMAZING, GENERAL !
SUPERMAN AND BATMAN ---
PLUS THAT NEW SENSATION,
BOY COMMANDOS ! ALSO
GREEN ARROW
AND STILL MORE !
IT'S THE WORLD'S
FINEST BUY !



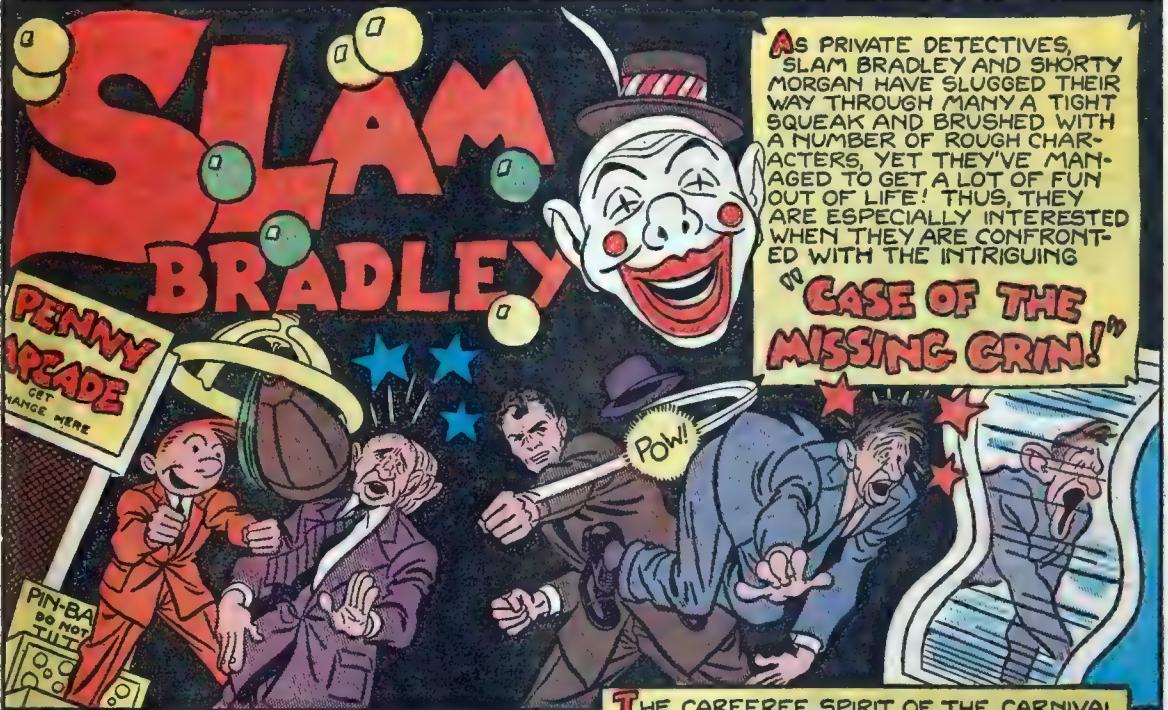
NOW ON SALE !

DON'T MISS YOUR FAVORITES!

NOW
ON SALE
EVERWHERE!



LOOK FOR THIS
TRADEMARK
FOR
THE BEST IN
COMIC MAGAZINES!



SLOW AS SNAILS TO RUN AWAY FROM A FIGHT, SLAM AND SHORTY ARE FLEET AS DEER WHEN IT COMES TO CHASING ONE!

I DIDN'T CATCH YOUR NAME!

I DON'T BLAME YA, PAL! IF I WAS CHASING ME I'D RUN, TOO!

WHILE YOU'RE RIDING AROUND, TRY TO GET THE BRASS RING!

I'LL SPLIT HIS SKULL WITH THIS TENT STAKE!

MY, MY! THE MINUTE I TURN MY BACK, HE GETS INTO TROUBLE!

THIS BEATS GRABBING THE BRASS RING ANY TIME!

BLOK!
NO FAIR RIDIN' HORSES!

THANKS, SHORTY... THERE WAS A LOT AT STAKE THAT TIME!

JUST STAY THERE A SECOND, PAL!

I DON'T WANNA!

RING THE BELL
AND WIN A CIGAR!

3000
2000
1000

GOSH! AINT THAT PURTY!

ONE SEEGAR FOR THE GENTLEMAN!

WAS THAT THE BELL OR HIS HEAD?

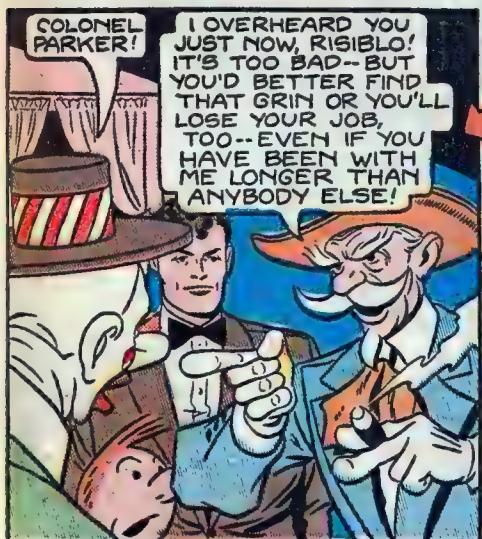
AND NEXT TIME, SAY 'EXCUSE ME'!

C'MON, SLAM! THE BIG SHOW'S BEGINNING!

THERE'S RISIBLO!

HE AINT SO FUNNY!

I HARDLY RECOGNIZE HIM! HE LOOKS SO SAD INSTEAD OF HAPPY!

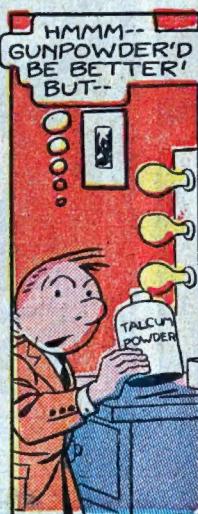
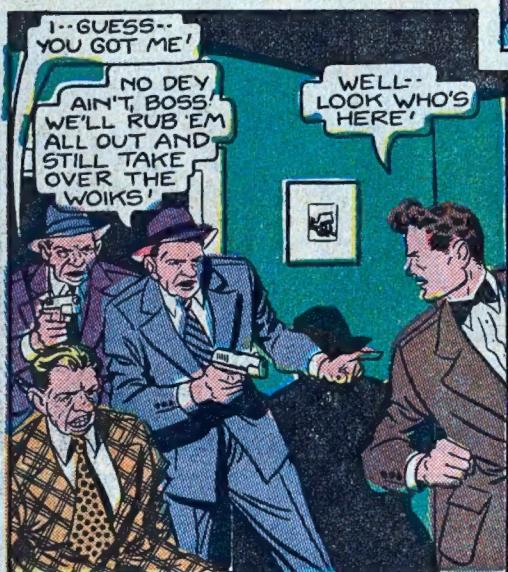












AND SO THE
KING OF
CLOWNS CAN
GRIN AGAIN!
BUT DO SLAM
AND SHORTY
TAKE A
WELL-EARNED
REST? NO!
THEY'LL BE
BACK IN A
DELIRIOUS
DILEMMA
IN NEXT
MONTH'S

**DETECTIVE
COMICS!**

THE BOY COMMANDOS ARE HERE!



THE MOST
SENSATIONAL
NEW HEROES
IN COMICS
BLAST THROUGH
IN AN
ACTION-PACKED
MAGAZINE
OF THEIR OWN!

FIRST BIG ISSUE!

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STARRING THE BOY COMMANDOS
WITH BATTLING CAPT. RIP CARTER!

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3. "HEROES NEVER DIE"
4. "GHOST RAIDERS"

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